

## Robert Frost's Pencil Pines

Here in the quiet and solitude  
Frost was embraced by every mood;  
As inspiration filled his mind  
And soul to share with all mankind.

He penned his poems in slow longhand,  
They flowed for all to understand;  
In world of words, Frost loved so much,  
He never lost the common touch.

Frost voice echoed through Pencil Pines  
Where in his mind he birthed his lines;  
He penned them on plain fools cap,  
Then he would take his mid noon nap.

Two cottages enhance rural scene  
Were painted white, aquamarine;  
The poets spirit resides here,  
It permeates the atmosphere.

Gene Griener